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EARLY SONGS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following songs have been taken by me from the lips of elderly reciters, who have given them as current and popular in Central North Carolina in the days of their youth, about the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The religious and sentimental cast reflects the taste of that time; in some cases, no doubt, it will be necessary to seek their origin at a date much earlier: —

I. FRIENDSHIP.



Friendship to every willing mind
 Opens sweet and heavenly treasure,
 There may the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure.
 See what employment men pursue,
 Then you will own my words are true,
 Friendship alone unfolds to view
 Sources of real pleasure.

Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
 Or fading and transitory,
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story.
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,
 Wounding the body and the mind,
 Only in friendship can we find
 Sources of real pleasure.

Learning, that boasting glittering thing,
 Is but just worth possessing,
 Riches forever on the wing
 Scarce can be called a blessing.
 Fame like a shadow flies away,
 Titles and dignity decay,
 Nothing but friendship can display
 Joys that are freed from trouble.

Beauty with all its gaudy shows
Is only a painted bubble,
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble.
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

2. THE MOULDERING VINE.

(Central North Carolina.)



Hark, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn from me your certain doom ;
Learn from me your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in your tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to pine,
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mouldering vine.

See in yonder forest standing
Lofty cedars, how they nod,
Scenes of nature, how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God.
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are early dropping,
We are like to one of these.

Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy ?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and wealth destroy.

3. PEACE OF MIND.



While beauty and youth are in their full prime,
 And folly and fashion affect our whole time,
 O let not the phantom our wishes engage,
 Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

The vain and the young may attend us awhile,
 But let not their flattery our prudence beguile,
 Let us covet those charms that never decay,
 Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

I sigh not for beauty nor languish for wealth,
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health,
 Then richer than kings and far happier than they,
 My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

For when age steals on me and youth is no more,
 And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,
 What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find,
 My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

That peace I'll preserve it as pure as 't was given,
 Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven,
 For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
 And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
 And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
 Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
 I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.

4. THE DYING FATHER'S FAREWELL.



The time is swiftly rolling on,
When I must faint and die,
My body to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.
Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear,
My silent dust beneath the ground,
There's no disturbance there.

My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.
O Lord a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.
For I can never come to thee,
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

5. MR. DAVIS'S EXPERIENCE.



Come all ye young people and all my relations,
Come, listen awhile, and to you I will tell,
How my bowels did move with desire for salvation,
While enwrapt in the gales and breezes from hell.
I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first called me,
To think of my soul and the state I was in,
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus.
Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

The devil perceived that I was convincèd,
 He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
 That I would get weary before my ascension,
 And wish that I had not so early begun.
 Sometimes he 'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
 When he was a-setting of poor sinners free,
 That I was forsaken and quite reprobated,
 And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

And now I've found favor in Jesus, my Saviour,
 And all his commandments I'm bound to obey,
 I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
 Till he shall think proper to call me away.
 So farewell all kin folks, if I can't persuade you
 To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
 I'll follow my Saviour in whom I've found favor,
 My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

6. MRS. SAUNDERS'S EXPERIENCE.



With faith I trust in Christ the Lord,
 Who did my mind console ;
 I'll tell to you, my Gospel friend,
 The travail of my soul.
 The early part of life I trod
 In vanity and mirth,
 Quite thoughtless of the living God,
 The author of my birth.

At length I thought I was not right,
 My wrong could plainly see,
 Then I assumed a serious turn,
 Became a Pharisee.
 I'd oft repeat a formal prayer,
 But only with my tongue,
 And thank the Lord, I'm not so vile,
 As such or such a one.

In ignorance I wandered on,
 On works alone I stood,
 And wished that all that saw my walk
 Might think that I was good.

Predestination sounded hard,
So did Election, too,
I thought if I would do my part,
The rest the Lord would do.

The Baptists did this doctrine teach,
But it appear'd so vain,
I thought such men should never preach
These principles again.
As I disliked those sentiments,
I seldom went to hear,
And when I did, felt anger rise,
Instead of godly fear.

I prayed that God would give me faith,
And help me to believe.
Some gloomy days of sorrow pass'd,
But still found no relief.
This Baptist man again I went to hear,
His theme free grace and love,
He mentioned those the Lord had seal'd,
And took to him above.

He likewise said that Satan hath
A mark to put upon
The forehead or the hand of those
That he claims for his own.
Marked in the forehead they are bold,
And care not what they do,
They have no fear of God above,
Neither of man below.

The others when with Christians are,
The mark will try to hide,
But when they meet the forehead mark,
Their hand will open wide.
This was a blow severe indeed,
And I condemned did stand,
And told a friend when I came out,
The mark was in my hand.

All earthly thoughts did vanish now
From my distracted mind,
I read the Scriptures, tried to pray,
No comfort could I find.
Each judgment in the holy writ
Appeared to point at me,

And no sweet promise could I find
To reach my misery.

Amidst this torture, fear of hell
Was not much on my mind,
But God seemed angry, frowned on me,
No comfort could I find.
In reading of the word of truth,
The Lord this promise gave,
Though he cause grief, in mercy still,
He will compassion have.

I felt a gleam of hope arise,
But yet I could not see
How a just God could mercy have
On such a wretch as me.
Still did I hope and try to pray,
My soul was in a strait,
This was the word that came to me,
Although it tarry, wait.

My soul was filled, my eyes o'errun,
With wonder, love, and praise ;
I thought that joy and peace would crown
The remnant of my days.
Election, too, how sweet the word !
For had I not been one
Gave to the Saviour ere he died,
I should have been undone.

Call in thy sons and daughters, Lord,
And may I live to see
My dear relations keep thy word,
And meekly follow thee.
Oh, let thy righteous will be done,
May I submissive be,
And trust in God whose grace alone
Can set a captive free.

From a lady, eighty-five years old, who, when a girl, learned them from her grandfather. The song, therefore, was sung in Central North Carolina before 1750.

I have heard before of the two marks of Satan, one in the head and one in the hand, I believe, of this shape 卐.

7. COLUMBIA.



Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
 From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
 The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
 The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired.
 Perfumes as of Eden flow'd sweetly along,
 And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung :
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
 Whelm nations in blood or wrap cities in fire,
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them and glory attend.
 A world in thy realm ; for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarged as thy empire and just as thy cause,
 On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star,
 New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar,
 To fame unextinguished when time is no more.
 To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind,
 There grateful to Heaven with transport shall bring,
 Their incense more fragrant than odors of spring.

Thy fleets to all nations thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the oceans obey,
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow.
And earth's little kingdom before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

Emma M. Backus.

GROVETOWN, *Columbia Co., Georgia.*